

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SQ.

VOL. XII. — NO. 7.]

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

[DEC. 6, 1896.]



A BRAVE DEED.

THE FIRST SNOW-FALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
And stiff rails were softened to swan's-down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
Where a little headstone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-Father
Who cares for us here below.

Again I looked at the snow-fall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow
When that mound was heaped so high.

I remember the gradual patience
That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A BRAVE DEED.

IT hardly seems possible that a girl of sixteen should save nearly fifty people from a terrible death, and yet that is what Grace Bussell did. She is often called the Grace Darling of Australia, and when you have heard her story, I am sure you will say she deserves the name. Grace lived with her parents in Western Australia, and her father was one of the first settlers near the Swan River. She used to help in many ways. She would ride twenty miles a day with the cattle, and was as much at home in the saddle as she was in the kitchen.

Before you can quite understand what a wonderful work this girl did one day, you must remember that, twenty years ago, the towns in new settlements in Australia were very far apart, and people had often to ride for miles to call on their next-door neighbor.

Now it happened one day in December, 1876, that a vessel was wrecked off the coast, about eight miles from the Bussells' home. The steamboat sprung a leak, and not being far from land the captain tried to steer her in. But it was of no avail; she ran aground, and there she stayed, with the water gradually flowing into her.

The lifeboat which was on board the steamer was lowered, but it leaked, too, and was so difficult to manage that eight people who had ventured in it were drowned. So the rest of the crew clung to the steamer, and wondered whether they could ever be saved. The surf ran so wildly that no one dared to swim through it, and there was not a house or a person in sight. But help was near, though they knew it not. The girl of sixteen was riding along with a native servant. She caught sight of the vessel in distress, and, turning her horse's head toward the coast, she started at a quick gallop. When she reached the sea, she urged her horse into the angry surf.

She rode boldly on till she reached the vessel. With much difficulty she took some of the children in her arms, and put them before her on the saddle; then with women and bigger children clinging to her dress, she started for the shore, gave those she had rescued to the care of the native, and returned once more to the wreck. So she went backward and forward for four hours, till all were safe on land, the servant having ridden to bring out the last man.

Tired and wet as the girl was, she had still something more to do. Those forty-eight people whom she had rescued must have food and protection of some sort before night came on. So Grace rode home for help, but by the time she had gone the eight miles, was so worn out herself that she fainted, and it was some time before she could tell what had happened. Her married sister started off at once with food and wraps for the shipwrecked people, and the next day they were all taken to Mr. Bussell's house.

You will agree with me that Grace well deserved the medal of the Royal Humane Society, which was presented to her on the 8th of January, 1878.

FROST.

THE pane is etched with wondrous tracery, —
Curve interlaced with curve, and line with line,
Like subtle measures of sweet harmony
Transformed to shapes of beauty crystalline.

Slim, graceful vines, and tendrils of such sort
As never grow save in some fairy world,
Wind up from roots of misted silver wrought
Through tulip flowers and lilies half unfurled.

Shag firs and hemlocks blend with plummy palms,
Spiked cacti spring from feathery ferns and weeds,
And sea-blooms such as rock in Southern calms
Mingle their foamy fronds with sedge and reeds.

And there are flights of birds with iris wings
That shed in mid-air many a brilliant plume,
And scintillating shoals of swimming things
That seem to float in clear green ocean gloom.

And there are diamond-cruised diadems,
And orbs of pearl, and sceptres of pale gold,
Stored up in crystal grottos, lit with gems,
And paved with emeralds of price untold.

And marvellous architecture of no name, —
Façades and shafts of loveliest form and hue,
Keen pinnacles and turrets tipped with flame,
And fretted domes of purest sapphire blue.

All these the genii of the Frost last night
Wrought in the still, cold hours by charm and rune;
And now, like dreams dispelled before the light,
They float away in vapor on the noon.

CHARLES LOTIN HILDRETH.

For Every Other Sunday.

SEVEN LITTLE GUINEAS.

BY FANNY D. BERGEN.

ONE of Mrs. Blake's neighbors who kept a few fowls bought some guinea-eggs and gave them to her children, saying that they might put them under an old red and yellow hen that wanted to set, and see what luck they would have in rearing guinea-fowls. The children were delighted, and after slipping the small, slightly tinted eggs under Old Red, as we will call the hen, they eagerly counted the days that must pass before the eggs could hatch.

Oftentimes they would go slyly and peep at the old hen, who patiently sat and kept the eggs warm. At last the day came, and, sure enough, out of the eggs, one by one, came the pretty, spry little birds. They were well fed and cared for both by their hen-mother and by the children; and a pretty sight indeed was the brood of little keets, as the children in Maryland call young guinea-fowls.

Well, the seven young brown birds grew, and their red and white heads became brighter and prettier, and at last they began to put on their grown-up dresses, — that is, the lovely polka-dotted gray and white feathers. The child-owners now thought it

time to sell the guineas; and when their friend and neighbor, Mrs. Blake, offered to buy the whole flock, they were removed to the Blake farm-yard, leaving Old Red, whom they had always followed, quite desolate. Among the Blake fowls was a large rooster of about the same colors and markings as the hen which had hatched and mothered the guinea-keets.

Now — will you believe it? — very soon after the lively little fellows were placed in their new quarters the whole seven began to follow this rooster just as they used to follow Old Red. This did not at all please his lordship, for roosters, as you know, are rather proud, and given to airs, and I suppose this particular rooster thought it beneath his dignity to fill a position that had been occupied by a hen.

When the croaking young things started after him as he strutted off in his stately fashion, he changed his pace and took to an undignified run; but the agile guineas easily outstripped his stiff, awkward gait, and, turn which way he would, his new attendants were close behind him.

For days he tried to break off the acquaintance, but to no purpose. All day long they kept near him, crying in their clear metallic tones, "Pot-rack," "Pot-rack," "Buckwheat," "Buckwheat," "Pot-rack," "Buckwheat." And at night, when the red rooster went to his perch and thought to settle himself all alone for a quiet sleep, the guineas actually persisted in roosting just as near to him as possible. When, after flapping the dust of the day from his wings and stepping uneasily about, seeking the very spot that would suit his lordship for the night, the rooster would at last rest all ready to tuck his handsome head under his wing, one by one the guineas fluttered up and stationed themselves about him.

No doubt his sleep was often disturbed by the sudden shrill cries these birds are given to uttering at even the least sound during the night; but what could the rooster do, since there were seven of the guineas to watch and follow his every movement? — which they continued to do until they were quite grown up.

Although the old red rooster was humbled and annoyed by the attention of his unsought new friends, he sometimes found their help very useful when he was attacked by other roosters, for, as I have already told you, guineas are great fighters.

One day he was having a hard fight with a black Spanish cock, — an old enemy of his, — and was getting badly beaten, when up came running all seven of the guineas, to help their adopted parent.

They flew at the black rooster so fiercely, and pecked him so savagely about the head and neck with their sharp beaks, that they soon left him dead on the ground, and marched off in triumph, after the old red friend whom they had rescued.

For Every Other Sunday.

BERRYING OR CADDYING.

In Two Parts. — Part I.

BY KATE GANNETT WELLS.

SUMMER'S begun," shouted Jim Swift; "old Garrick is taking down the fences round the putting greens."

"Great good them fences did," retorted Dan Pike. "City folks think they know so much when they don't know nothin' about cows. Ther ain't a cow down here but what has jumped those fences time unto time. If they'd just asked we 'uns we could have told 'em how high cows jump, and that they had a partikler liking for nice green grass."

"I like to see cows and horses get ahead of city folks. They can't tell whose hoofs has done it, but the greens are all cut up with cows and horses' hoofs, and it'll cost 'em a sight to resod 'em," sneered Jim. "I'm going to strike."

"Well, if you are, you'd better come along; the parties was to meet punctual over to Short Cove and

fix up terms. We ain't got to see to the sods, we'r just caddies, and the golfers has got to come to our terms. Hurry up!" And Dan and Jim started off with the long, swinging gait which keeps boys from getting tired.

Short Cove was a beach hidden between high cliffs with the advantage of a cave large enough to hold a dozen boys. It had been a favorite hiding-place for generations, only as the knowledge of it had regularly descended from father to son it did not seem a very secret spot. The boys of to-day shrewdly suspected that their grandfathers and fathers had used it for the smuggling trade, but no one dared say so openly since the night of April 10, 1887. For in those days there lived a very strong boy who had pried up a stone and found beneath it a new pair of men's boots, an empty bottle, and some money. Not being a bit afraid, and having neither boots nor money, he had made himself comfortable in the cave, and drew out the boots, which were not much too large, and was putting the money in the trousers pocket which had no holes, when he felt a stinging pain in his back, just as if he had been struck. He fell face forward and feet up; off came his boots and out dropped the money. Then there was a mighty sound, as if a whirlwind were in the cave, and when he came to himself he was lying on the beach with a very sore back.

Somebody must have told, for he was too scared to speak. Some persons said it was the ghost of an old trader who had revisited the cave; others said that the affair was all due to the boy's imagination or conscience. Anyhow, he went away, or was sent away, and no other boy ever found that stone, though there was a certain man who wore new boots when no one supposed he had any money with which to buy them. Gradually belief in the secretive properties of the cave was dropped, and it belonged collectively to the small boys, who held their private meetings there.

Here now were gathered the "band," — not the music band, but the fellows who always did everything together, boys from ten to fifteen years of age. When they were younger they had done berrying in the summer, really picking more than they ate or spilt; but since the cottagers had laid out golf links there was a general opinion that berrying was no longer suitable for boys, but was a good enough business for girls. So for the last two or three seasons the boys had been caddies, and had made lots of money, though not enough to suit their growing ambitions. There had been talk of a strike among them the previous season, but it had amounted to nothing. Now they were determined to lay their plans in time, to act all together, and to make the summer cottagers do as they said.

Therefore was this meeting called. But being once there, no one knew how to begin. At last it was decided that the first thing to do was to choose a boss, a leader, a chairman. Then such a squabble arose that it could be heard outside the cave. Each had a friend who would know just what to do if each one himself did not know. It was dead low tide when they began to squabble, but the tide had well turned before they finally agreed that the first duty was to choose a chairman, and that the boy who had made the most money the last year should be chairman. Now it so happened that Dan Pike had earned most, but that he also had his own ideas why it was so, and that he did not believe in imposing on people who gave one jobs. Though he really was a good choice for chairman, he was the very last one the boys would have chosen if they had known his views.

"The way to begin," said Dan, sitting on a sharp rock just a little above the other boys, "is to begin. Now what are we fellows going to do? Last year we charged twenty cents an hour, and ten cents for half an hour or the fraction thereof; the point of the whole matter lies in that fraction thereof; then were the very words that were in the printed rule of the Golf Club; there were some who paid up honorably, but there were others who if they played

ust five minutes over the hour thought they need not pay a cent."

"We oughter fix the price per hour 'fore we get no fractions," said Bill Huse; "we oughter charge thirty cents."

"No, we had n't," declared several; "we never could get it out of them city folks."

"Split the difference and call it twenty-five then," proposed Bill, seeing he was likely to be outvoted.

"Tain't fair in you fellows to do that," said the chairman. "The Club has lots of expense to keep up those links; it's our fathers whom they pay to fix 'em, and they let us fellows play on 'em all we want to, and give us clubs too when we ain't asked for 'em, and we ought to treat 'em as gentlemen in turn."

"Oh! you're a regular old 'ristocrat," exclaimed the roughest-looking boy. "I want my rights, and it's my right to charge 'em high. What's more, a chairman has n't any right to talk; he jest puts motions and things like that. I say it's got to be twenty-five or thirty cents an hour."

"That's a nice kind of motion which don't settle anything sure."

"Thirty cents then. Call it twenty-five," he added, as the boys looked doubtful. Then the chairman put the motion, but shook his head and whispered something to those nearest him, so that after all only six boys voted for it, and six against it, and nothing was settled.

"Hurry up," urged Jim, who never understood business. "How are you going to fix it 'bout that fraction thereof?"

"We can't do that till we get the price per hour fixed," replied Joe, who was the best arithmetic scholar in the village.

"You might go into a committee of the whole," suggested the chairman.

The boys stared.

"What's that?"

"That's," answered he, coloring up to the roots of his hair as they all laughed, — "that's when you talk things over till you get 'em fixed the way you want and then you can carry 'em easy."

The idea pleased the boys, who did not see that it gave Dan a chance to argue all he wished. Well, he used the opportunity, reasoning that twenty cents an hour was good pay for boys; that when people tried to impose on others they always got left; that it was the regular price; that it was just double what girls got an hour for berrying; that there were some girls who could not pick a quart of berries in an hour, and that anyway berrying was an uncertain business, and caddying was steady nearly all the year round.

"Some caddies are worth more than other caddies," spoke up a small boy, who was immediately silenced with cries of "No fair; all's got to be served alike."

"Time's going," called out Jim; "we hain't done anything but talk."

"It was you who began it; you wanted us to strike when we had n't any fault to find, and I ain't going to strike."

"Nor I neither," shouted several.

"Say, fellows," called the chairman, "while we're a committee of the whole we might settle what to do about the teacher's plan, — that we should give some of our caddy money to help buy apparatus for the physics class."

"I shan't," said Joe; and "I shan't" echoed round the cave.

"Well, I shall," said the chairman. "You're the biggest set of fools I've seen for a long time. Those fellows in the other schools who passed the examinations did it because they knew physics and chemistry, and we can't, 'cause we have n't any apparatus, and the committee has n't any money to buy it. Pass an examination well, and you get more salary when you teach, and then you can — marry."

How the fellows laughed at Dan! He saw he had betrayed himself, yet he knew he was the best scholar,

and the best caddy, and that the highest ambition of his life was to get a certificate so he could teach and marry Mary Jane, who was now teaching in the primary school, while he was in the grammar grade. But he was too old and too wise to let go of his point because he was being laughed at. He had gained his way in regard to the strike, and now if he could get them to give one-half of the ten cents they earned for the half-hour, or the fraction thereof, he calculated that they could raise quite a little sum.

The older fellows knew he was right, and moreover they had their own private reasons for wanting some physical apparatus, but the smaller boys, who would not use it for two years to come, saw no reason why they should give up any of their earnings to the school.

But at last Dan heard enough to induce him suddenly to regain his elevated position as chairman. "Order," he shouted. "Joe has made a motion that all caddies give six per cent of all their earnings to Mr. Smith, our teacher, to buy apparatus for the school."

Silence followed. It sounded as if they would have to give a great deal. But Dan was on Joe's side, for he had quickly done the sum in his head, and saw that if each boy earned twelve dollars, six per cent of that would give as a total \$8.64; but that each boy would only have to put in 72 cents from his earnings. So he put the motion without allowing time for debate. "Those in favor hold up their hands," he commanded.

Again there was a tie, — six in favor, six opposed. "Try it again," he called. "Make haste, for the tide's coming in. All those in favor hold up their hands." Seven went up; for one boy was too puzzled to know what he was doing, and voted yes when he meant to vote no. As the chairman did not know that, he announced the vote as in favor of buying the apparatus, and was just going to say something else, when in rolled a big wave and put an end to the meeting. As they crawled out more or less wet, they saw at the head of the beach a line of girls. There was no dodging them.

"So you're not going to strike after all." "We heard what you said; one-half of ten cents or six per cent of the whole!" "Who's going to tell how much he gets?" "Girls are only fit to pick berries; boys are caddies," cried out one girl after another.

It was in vain to stop their teasing as each boy tried to get home as best he could, each one determined to outdo the others as a caddy, and to tell no one how much he got, while the girls were equally decided to outdo the boys by their receipts for berry-picking.

(To be continued.)

A LOST CHRISTMAS.

LITTLE Gladys lost her Christmas

Just a year ago,

When the world was bright with holly,

And glittering white with snow.

A hateful Fever Dragon,

With footsteps like a mouse,

All in the dead of night, my dears,

Crept softly through the house.

The Dragon's wicked arts, dears,

Caught Gladys in a spell,

And in a tower's very top

For weeks she had to dwell.

The doctor quarantined her,

And cut off her golden hair;

And never a sound of Christmas

Stole up her guarded stair.

At last the strong health-angels

Came winging from the sky,

And before their breath of life, dears,

The fiend was fain to fly.

But spring, with birds and flowers,

Tripped down the hills amain

Before our little darling

Was safe and well again.

And thus she lost her Christmas!

It was so very sad

To be lying ill with fever

When all the world was glad.

Not any Christmas pleasure,

But weary hours of pain,

Forgotten, to be sure, dears,

When the child was well again.

This year her happy mother,

With eyes that shine for joy,

Has planned a double Christmas,

With doll and tree and toy,

And a merry Christmas party,

And a merry Christmas play,

To make her precious treasure,

If possible, twice gay.

"Two Christmas days in one, dear,

Because of that you lost,

When the cruel fever burned you,

And in bed you raved and tossed."

"But not all to myself, — please?"

Our little Gladys said;

For the Christchild in his wisdom

The little maiden led.

A hospital for children,

Where little ones are brought

In sickness and in suffering,

Our Gladys has in thought.

There many a tiny cot, dears,

Will have its share of joy

From Gladys this dear Christmas

In flower and doll and toy.

So 't was not wholly lost, dears,

Last year, that Christmas Day,

Though the Christmas angels tarried

So long upon the way.

There are little faces beaming,

And eyes alight with cheer,

For a Christmas shared with Gladys.

This happy, happy year.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

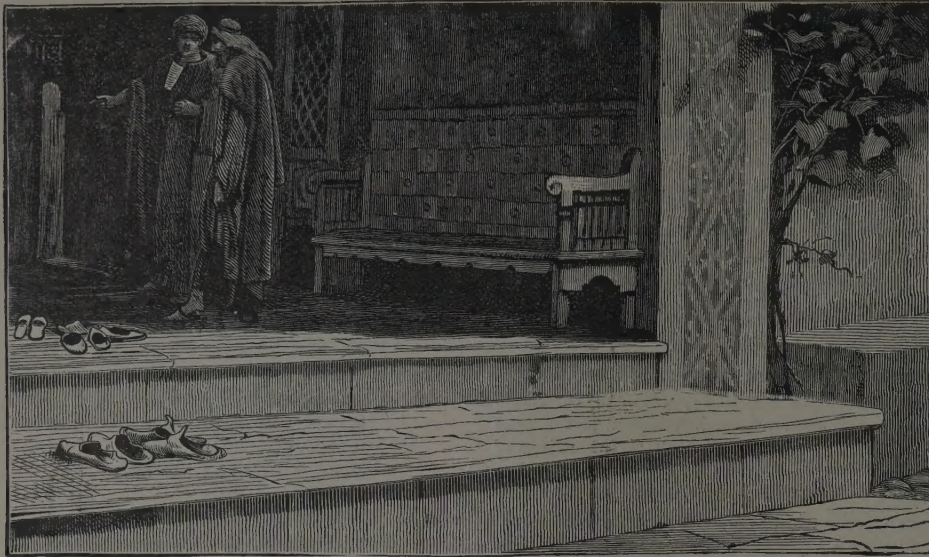
A COSTLY COMMA.

THERE was a time when the punctuation marks as now used in common print were not known, and as the result it was often more or less difficult to arrive at the exact meaning of the writer, and to avoid this the points were introduced. Of course, about the smallest, and apparently the most insignificant of them all, is the comma; but its misuse is often the cause of very annoying mistakes, as well as loss of money.

Some twenty years or so ago, when the United States, by its Congress, was making a tariff bill, one of the sections enumerated what articles should be admitted free of duty. Among the many articles specified were "all foreign fruit-plants," etc., meaning plants imported for transplanting, propagating, or experiment.

The engrossing clerk, in copying the bill, accidentally changed the hyphen in the compound word, "fruit-plants," to a comma, making it read, "all foreign fruit, plants," etc. As the result of this simple mistake, for a year, or until Congress could remedy the blunder, all the oranges, lemons, bananas, grapes, and other fruits were admitted free of duty.

This little mistake, which any one would be liable to make, yet which could have been avoided by carefulness, cost the government not less than \$2,000,000. A pretty costly comma that! — *Youth's Instructor*.



"PUTTING OFF HIS SHOES."

[WHAT DOES IT MEAN?]

LIFE FROM DEATH.

HAD one ne'er seen the miracle
Of May-time from December born,
Who would have dared the tale to tell
That 'neath ice-ridges slept the corn?

White death lies deep upon the hills,
And moanings through the tree-tops go;
The exulting wind, with breath that chills,
Shouts triumph to the unresting snow.

My study window shows me where
On hard-fought fields the summer died:
Its banners now are stripped and bare
Of even autumn's fading pride.

Yet on the gust that surges by,
I read a pictured promise: soon
The storm of earth and frown of sky
Will melt into luxuriant June.

MINOT JUDSON SAVAGE.

For Every Other Sunday.

A LONG JOURNEY FOR A SUPPER.

BY W. EUSTIS BARKER.

THE afternoon, even for an August afternoon, was hot; too hot even for reading, and I betook myself to the shade of the big pear-tree which occupies one corner of the space back of the house where the drying clothes are hung, and where the coal man turns his wagon when he comes into the driveway. Seated upon the garden seat, I was just getting composed when a passing fly stung me. Not being in a mood to stand this patiently, I immediately killed him, and was about to brush the carcass away when I observed at my feet myriads of ants busily running to and fro. Thinking that they would appreciate the late Gauzywings in capacity of supper, I carefully dropped his body in the path of a red gentleman just then passing. Merrylegs discovered the find immediately; indeed, he had to, for I nearly dropped it on his toes, and he fairly waltzed with joy. Then he took a good grip and started for home, and I followed in order to prevent any robbery which might be attempted on the way. I supposed, of course, that home was near by, and was not prepared to be led clear across the open space to where the lawn borders it on the other side.

Such was the case, however; and the pace was one which kept me—and I am about ten thousand times Merrylegs' size—at a steady walk, except when we stopped in order that Merrylegs might get a fresh grip upon his burden. But if I walked steadily Merrylegs did n't. Sometimes he went headforemost, pushing Gauzywings in front; again, he whirled around and backed swiftly, dragging his burden; and anon he ambled sidewise; and occasionally he zig-zagged to avoid what was to me a small pebble, but to him, I presume, a gigantic boulder.

Finally we reached home, just at the lawn border, and Mrs. Merrylegs, I suppose, for I was not introduced, met us at the door. Left unceremoniously alone, I went back, and on measuring the distance, I found by a short calculation, allowing that Merrylegs had come direct from home, that he had travelled a distance equivalent to seven miles to a child of average height, and for one half that distance had carried a burden equal to about three hundred pounds, or a very large fat man, to the child.

My interest now being awakened, I lost no time in securing a large fat fly,—there were plenty around me, and I felt that one would not be missed,—and, watching my chance, dropped my capture in front of an old gentleman in black who was sedately taking an afternoon stroll. He was one of the class of bullet-headed, tight-waisted black fellows, known to house-keepers as those pesky big black ants. My aim was somewhat uncertain, and he had nearly passed my gift when one of the restless antennæ sweeping round touched the object. Instantly the old gentleman lost his dignity, and, whirling around, fixed his pinchers in the fly and started for home. In his haste, however, he took hold very clumsily, for the fly's wings dragged on the ground, and were constantly getting entangled in two of the old gentleman's six legs, and more than once I looked to see him get a tumble and come down upon his venerable nose. Besides, he was evidently a very testy old gentleman, and twitched his burden about in a very impatient manner. He made for the tree, and to my surprise commenced to ascend the trunk, which, burdened as he was, appeared to be a doubly difficult process. A dozen times he slipped back, and grew very hot over it, whirling about and backing up the tree, pulling Monsieur Fly after him. About six feet up he stopped, and without letting go his hold on the carcass, evidently took a long look around. Convinced that in his intemperate haste he had overshot the mark, he started down again, and in a moment

swerved to the left, where I now for the first time perceived a tiny crack in the rough tree bark. Into this he backed very hastily; too hastily, in fact, for he got the fly wedged across the crack in a manner which made it utterly impossible for him to go through. That he was being urged to go by the invisible party inside was evident by the twitching of his body in response to a series of vicious jerks but it was of no use, and the old gentleman was fain to call for help, which he did in a very impatient manner.

The help came in the shape of what I judged to be the old gentleman's twin brothers; and two pushing from the outside and one pulling from within, they hustled Monsieur Fly into the larder in no time. I calculated that in order to go through the same process for a supper, Augusta would have to walk about a mile, and picking up a basket about eight times as large as herself, walk back a mile, and climbing a wall twelve hundred feet high, and on a very hot day too, finally call upon Ruth and Helen to help her get the basket in at the door. Only I hope she won't be so impatient, or show such a temper as my six-legged old gentleman did.

CHILDREN, SING.

CHILDREN, sing to Him whose love
Broods your happy lives above;
Raise your tuneful voices high
To our Father in the sky.

For the flowers and for the wheat,
For the cold and for the heat,
For the fruit and for the grain,
For the sunshine and the rain.

Children, sing to Him whose care
Makes the land so rich and fair;
Raise your tuneful voices high
To our Father in the sky.

For the mother's look of grace,
For the baby's little face,
For the morning's smile of bliss,
For the happy good-night kiss.

Children, sing to Him whose hand
Rules and guards our native land;
Lift your joyous voices high
To our Father in the sky.

For the cheery bells that swing,
And for freedom peal and ring,
And for nation's peace and wealth,
For our gladness and our health.

Children, sing to One whose love
Broods your merry days above;
Lift your tuneful voices high
To our Father in the sky.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF THE SNOW.

WHEN autumn days grew pale, there came a troop
Of childlike forms from that cold mountain-top;
With trailing garments through the air they came,
Or walked the ground with girded loins, and threw
Spangles of silvery frost upon the grass,
And edged the brook with glistening parapets,
And built it crystal bridges, touched the pool,
And turned its face to glass, or, rising thence,
They shook from their full laps the soft, light snow,
And buried the great earth, as autumn winds
Bury the forest-floor in heaps of leaves.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



THE OLD WAY.

All which happens in the whole world happens through hope. No husbandman would sow a grain of corn, if he did not hope it would spring up and bring forth the ear. How much more we are helped on by hope in the way to eternal life! LUTHER.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE GARDEN PARTY.

BY MARY H. WILLIAMS.

MARGERY LEE stood at the window, watching the rain come down, till the streets were flooded.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she cried, "it is a perfect deluge; the big faucet is turned on, and it will never stop; and we can't go to the party."

The trees and shrubs had lost their dusty color, and the lawn looked brighter and more velvety than it had for weeks before. The rain was a grateful gift to the farmers, who had offered up many a silent prayer for the sake of their crops and cattle. But little Margery's heart was heavy; for she thought only of herself and her possible disappointment.

"Why, Madge," said Richard, her elder brother, hoping to comfort her, "just think how happy the flowers must be, for they have been hanging their heads for days, because they were so thirsty; and then, the party does not come off till next week. The sun may shine to-morrow."

"But I do wish it would always rain at night, when we are asleep, and can't know anything about it. I like the sunshine every day. Your Dutchman's breeches are finished, Rich. That's a nice flower for a boy."

"What are you going to be, Madge?"

"Don't you know that I'm to be a field-daisy, because my name is Margaret? I shall have a wreath on my hat, and a girdle round my waist, and bracelets on my wrists, and a daisy for a rosette on each of my buff slippers; and don't you think I'll look like one?"

"I should think, little sister, that you might look like a dozen," said Rich.

The hours and days never passed so slowly, Daisy thought; but at last the happy day came. It was clear, sunny, and warm.

Miss Primrose gave the party to celebrate her birthday. Her real name was Rose; but she was so

careful, neat, and nice about everything she did that her mamma gave her this name, though she received her guests as a rosebud.

Her papa had a fine great lawn; and between this and the house was a rustic arch which a wistaria-vine had been trying for several years to cover. It had succeeded at last, and now the clusters of purple blossoms hung like bunches of grapes. Here Rose stood and greeted her young friends as they passed through to the other side.

First came Poppy, as gay as a butterfly. She nodded her head with a pleasant "Good-day." Then followed Miss Pansy, so modest that she could only say, "Think of me." Next came a wee flesh-and-blood fairy all in white, looking as fresh as the morning dew. Rose could not help kissing sweet Lily-of-the-valley.

A dainty little tot with dress and eyes as blue as the sky tripped along, carrying a basket of flowers, and said, as she passed, "I am so small, I might get lost; but when supper is ready, I hope somebody will find me somewhere. My name is Forget-me-not."

"This is me," said Dwarf Pink; and Rose replied, "Yes, and you're as sweet as your name."

Daisy was late; for she could not find her slippers. It almost broke her heart to think of wearing her old ones; but Rich said she would have a better time, because she need not be so careful. So she soon forgot her grief, and was as happy as the others.

Bright little Honeysuckle appeared with a scarlet trumpet, and made music wherever she went.

"What is that tiny figure in the distance?" asked Rose. "I am sure she has come from the Arctic country; for she looks like a heap of snowflakes. It is Snowball, and she must have dropped from the clouds; for her purity suggests 'thoughts of heaven.'"

Here is Syringa lingering behind, saying, "You will not forget me; for I do not wish to be the last, and make my courtesy alone."

But they continued to come, till the lawn looked like a real flower-garden, — Polyanthus, Miss Myrtle, Ivy Green, Sweet-William, Clover-Top, and so many others that I can't remember them all.

Dandelion was a coquette. She and Bachelor-Button were the best of friends, till they had a quarrel about Timothy Green, who would keep close by her side. Timothy said, "I expect you will call me 'as green as grass;' but I do hope you'll stop to think how very useful I am in the world. Not one of you would like to live without me, especially those who are fond of milk and butter; and then, I am ornamental as well as useful. What a shame that I have to trumpet my own praises!"

There was no reason why they should not have a May-pole dance, although it was the month of June. So an old tree which had been shorn of its branches was made to answer the purpose of a pole, and Rose's mamma remembered that she had a quantity of gray moss brought from the South; so she twined and twisted it about, till the king of the grove looked like a great-grandfather with white hair and beard. At the top she fastened some ribbons; and every color of the rainbow was repeated many times.

Grandfather Moss said, "I love little children" (for this is moss language). "Welcome! welcome!" and at a shout from Trumpet-Creeper, the circle was formed; but only those who could match the ribbons with their own color were allowed to join. Round and round, in and out, they braided the colors together, singing joyously this "Chorus of the Flowers," written by a poet who must have loved them, I am sure:—

"We are the sweet flowers
Born of sunny showers.
Think when'er you see us what our beauty saith;
Utterance mute and bright
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure by our simple breath.

All who see us love us;
Fables were not more
Bright nor loved of yore.

"And oh! our sweet soul-taker,
That thief, the honey-maker,
What a house hath he by the thymy glen!
In his talking rooms
How the feasting fumes,
Till the gold cups overflow to the mouths of men.
All who see us love us;
Fables were not more
Bright nor loved of yore."

Rose, the queen, sang the solo. The others joined in the chorus; and when they had finished, Grandpa Moss looked as gay and frisky as any of them. The dance ended; they scattered and amused themselves in various ways.

Ivy Green and Sweet-William wandered off together, when suddenly they espied a bird's nest.

"This is good luck for me" said he. "I must have an egg to carry to Brother Ned. He has promised to give me ten cents for every one I will bring him."

"You cruel boy!" said Ivy, "don't you suppose that birds have feelings as well as people?"

"But, Ivy, I never take more than one, and leave two at least. Birds can't understand arithmetic, and never know the difference. I'm a good climber, so up I go. Here are four beautiful blue eggs, and one is mine." But caught in the branches, Sweet-William lost his balance, and dropped the egg; however, it didn't break.

"How strange!" thought Ivy, picking it up, as she said to herself, "We're foolish chickens, indeed, not to know a china nest-egg. You'll never get ten cents for a porcelain nest-egg, Sweet-William."

"If you knew a little more about country life, Ivy Green, you would know that only domestic fowls need a nest-egg. I'll tell you the secret; the mother-bird has sat on it so long, and kept it so warm, that it is cooked hard."

"Now, friend Will, you don't know so much about cooking as you might; for my mamma tells the story of a very wise lady who boiled an egg thirty minutes to make it soft."

"Please give me a pin, Ivy, and I'll make a hole in each end, and blow it; and we will soon find out what is inside."

"Let me just touch it with my tongue," said Ivy. "Oh, it is candy! What a sweet surprise! How did it ever get into the nest? Let's call the boys, and have a hunt. Perhaps we'll find some more of the same kind." And sure enough, carefully hidden in the hedges and shrubs, they found ever so many nests full of candy eggs of all colors and sizes.

"I am perfectly sure," said Primrose, "that Uncle Timothy has done this. We will go and tell him that we have found him out again."

Uncle Timothy felt as if he had been attacked by so many bees, and couldn't resist the temptation to run away.

"But do tell us, uncle," said Rose, afterward, "do you lie awake nights to think of all these nice things for us?"

"No, not exactly," he answered; "but I like to see you happy, and would like to be your fairy godfather. I'd keep a little magic box full of precious things. I'd follow you about day after day; and with a touch of my wand the cover should spring open, and you might all get whatever you wish for, or need, for your comfort and pleasure."

"But our mammas tell us we cannot always have everything we wish for," said Pansy.

"Oh, I would have nothing which could do you any harm, children," said the good uncle. "One should find a golden nut too valuable to be cracked, — not really a nut after all, but a wee house for a wee fairy (one of my own grandchildren) who should be able to know all your thoughts, and guide your footsteps, so that you might never go astray; and

whenever you felt like doing anything which you knew was not quite right, she would help you to say 'No.'"

"And would she help mamma to say 'no,' too, as she often does, when we wish for something very much?" asked Daisy.

"Possibly; for I expect you do not realize how hard it is for her to say it, though it may be altogether best. Then one of you might find a beautiful diamond, clear as crystal, the home of another grandchild who would help you never to say anything false. I should wish every one of you to find one of these, because it would keep you out of so much mischief. I am quite sure you have all heard the name of this fairy many times; so you must guess what it is. In another box you might find the tiniest palace you ever dreamed of, made of shells so small that you could only pick them up with the point of a needle; and my twin grandchildren live there. They work cheerfully together, and their names both begin with P. Whoever should find these would be able to perform wonderful things. Patience and Perseverance are good companions; but when they try to help you, do not be like the little girl 'who sewed a warm coat for the snow-bird, which was never finished, because the silk thread had no knot, and always came through.' I am not going to tell you of all the beautiful treasures, but down at the bottom of them I should wish you to find plenty of fun."

These flowers could not live on dew and sunshine, so Rose asked Bluebell to call them to supper. They found a cool shaded spot under the elm-trees, where a long table was filled with all the good things which delight the hearts of children.

"There was a pyramid of tarts," Margery told her mother next day, "an iceberg of cream, and a mountain of cake, — no, a loaf of mountain-cake, — besides every other cake in the cook-book; but I think," she said, "the kind that had chocolate in the cracks was the bestest."

It was almost sundown when they finished, and there was only time for a short frolic before they said "good-night;" but poor little Poppy had fallen asleep, she was so tired, and had to be carried home. One by one they began to droop, and before many hours these weary flowers were all tucked snugly in their beds.

Nothing is so wholesome, nothing does so much for people's looks, as a little interchange of the small coin of benevolence.

RUFFIN.

GIRLS OF THE PERIOD.

THEY tell me 't was the fashion,
Oh, long and long ago,
For girls to look like lilies white,
And sit at home and sew.
Forth strode their sturdy brothers
On many a gallant quest;
But the maids behind the lattice
Their weary souls possessed.

To-day the times have altered;
And pretty Kate and Nell
Are playing golf and tennis, —
In sooth, they do it well!
They ride across the country,
They climb the mountain side,
And with oars that feather lightly
Along the rivers glide.

If they've not yet been to college
They are going by and by,
To shake the tree of knowledge,
Though its branches touch the sky.
For all their Greek and Latin,
And poring over books,
With faces smooth as satin,
They keep their dainty looks.

Do you want a happy comrade,
Wherever you may be?
Be sure you'll find her quickly
Where a troop of girls you see.
She'll keep that bright head steady,
Unharm'd in any whirl;
And not a lad will love her less
Because she is a girl.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Keep true to the dreams of thy youth. SCHILLER.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE ADVENTURES OF SPORT.

A True Story.

BY VIOLA CARVER.

WE met for the first time on a summer day, when he was six weeks old and I about ten years. How cunning he was, and fat! He must have been very tired and hungry, as he had ridden two long, tiresome hours on the train.

My sister May and I puzzled our brains to find a name for him, but at last decided to call him Sport.

He was a very smart little shepherd dog, brown and white, and whenever we wished to tie him, he would come at our call, that we might fasten the rope to his collar. Whenever he heard the sound of money, he would bark, even if he was in the back yard, and the noise in the front part of the house.

We played with him a great deal, and he seemed to enjoy the fun as much as we did. We would often sit on the steps, perfectly quiet, not saying a word. You should have seen him then. He tried every way he could think of to make us talk or move. He would bark in our ears, or pull our dresses, and if that did not do, he would stand there and bark till we spoke. Sometimes it was very hard to keep from laughing, and when we did laugh, he seemed to be satisfied.

Sport was a very good little watch dog, and thought no one had any right in the yard at night. So one evening something happened which might have ended very sadly. A neighbor's little girl came to our house, and as it was dark, Sport, I am sorry to say, bit her. But I think she must have been more frightened than hurt, as Sport was only six months old then. Nevertheless the mother of the child insisted on Sport being killed.

So mamma decided that the best thing to do was to give him chloroform, that he might not suffer. How May and I cried when we heard this! But we came home from school the next afternoon, expecting to find our dear little Sport dead. But oh! how glad we were, when mamma told us she had decided to give him to a friend in the country, as a friend of ours, who was a druggist, said there was not any need of killing Sport.

He had never been outside the yard before, so mamma was obliged to lead him by a rope to the train. Neither had he ever seen a train, and when it appeared, he started for home as fast as he could run, as he managed to slip his head through the collar. But at last we succeeded in getting him safely on the train, and when mamma was seated, he looked up in her face as much as to say, "Will you take care of me?" and then curled down and took a nap.

I am glad to say he found a happy home in the country, being very fond of running in the fields. He was easily taught, and would sit at the table and eat, with a napkin around his neck, never offering to touch anything but what was on his plate, hardly dropping a crumb.

His country mistress would say, "Sport, go up in the barn and see if there are any eggs;" and away he would go, climb the ladder, drive the hens off the nests, and if there were any eggs, would run back to the house and bark. So I think he must have

understood everything that was said to him. Also if he was told to wake the folks up, he would run upstairs in their rooms, and bark till they awoke.

When any one came in the yard he always barked at them; but after he had been there a year, May went down on a visit, and he seemed to know her right away. He ran up to her, wagging his tail as much as to say, "Oh, how glad I am to see you!"

A short time ago I received a letter from Sport's new mistress, and a picture of him, and she said she would not part with him for anything in the world. So I hope all dogs are as dearly loved by their mistresses as Sport is.

Conscience is God's deputy in the soul.

T. ADAMS.

For Every Other Sunday.

OLD MISS FOOSHEE'S BIRTHDAY.

BY ELEANOR EUSTIS.

"CLARE, ma, I feels awful mean. Ebery girl in Sunday School's done got some present fer ole Miss Fooshee but only me."

"What fer sh'd you give ole Miss Fooshee a present, chile?" inquired ma, raising her head from over the washtub to gaze at little Hitty Hargett standing disconsolately in the doorway.

"Why? Co'se de comin' We'n'sday's her birt-day, and all er de Sunday School's gwine march ober ter her house. She's powerful ole, ole Miss Fooshee is,—mighty nigh a hun'erd, some say,—and dat's why eberybody's gwine give her something. I's plum 'shamed not to haf anything at all;" and poor Hitty bit hard upon the strings of her sunbonnet to keep down the rising tears.

"Sho, honey," said her mother, soothingly, "doan't you fret. You study on't awhile, and I reckon you'll think er something terrickly. What's t'other gals gwine give, anyhow?"

"I asked Cynthia May, and she 'lowed her mother'd git her a birtday cyard. She says they're awful pretty. They gen'ally have pictures on 'em, Cynthia said, and sometimes verses too."

"Dat mus' cert'nly be right down pritty," commented Aunt Marthy; "did she say how much hit cost, now?"

"All of ten cents, shore. I asked her. So I doan't see no hopes of dat," answered Hitty.

"Shore 'nuff, we could n't pay dat, no how," agreed her mother, "but 'pears to me there'll be some way,—seems most as ef we mought make one, ef we on'y hed a cyard."

"Oh, I could git that, easy 'nuff," cried Hitty. "Mr. Huntley's allays a-playing of cyards and has heaps of ole ones. He'd let me haf one, I know."

"Well, den, what you chewing dem strings fer? Slap on yer bunnet and run spank down there and ask him for hit es pritty es yer kin. He's er mighty nice gen'l'man, Mr. Huntley is."

"But what good will de cyard do me?" inquired Hitty; "hit won't haf no flowers on hit."

"Jest you leaf dat ter me," retorted Aunt Marthy, decidedly. "I's got an idee now; hit's jest popped inter my mine. Lemme study on't awhile and you'll see. But I shan't tell you no mo' now," she added, as Hitty lingered expectantly; "jest you run right along."

So Hitty tied the much-abused strings of her pink sunbonnet and set forth on her errand, while her mother returned to the washtub, muttering:—

"Marthy Hargett, dat chile's gone got ter haf a birtday cyard f' ole Miss Fooshee if I sit up all night ter study hit out."—rub, rub, rub—"A picture ov flowers was hit?"—rub, rub—"Pears

like sum'fing else mought do;"—rub—"an apple or a pear now;"—rub—"offen see dem on cans and what not;"—rub, rub—"dey's mighty pretty, too; well, well, we jest mus' haf something, shore!"

This birthday of old Miss Fooshee's was making excitement in other homes than little Hitty's, for the whole town was interested in its celebration.

The Sunday School was to march from the church to Miss Fooshee's house,—seventy children in all, each one bearing some suitable offering.

When that was settled, the mothers bestirred themselves and decided that, after so long a walk, the children would need some refreshment. Consequently, a committee of ladies was appointed to solicit contributions. Some gave apples, others nuts,—the latter, a trio of unemployed elderly gentlemen offered to crack,—a bushel there were of these; one grocer presented half a box of oranges, and his rival, not to be outdone, a bunch of bananas and ten pounds of mixed candy. The ladies themselves attended to the doughnuts, cookies, and cakes, so when Wednesday came all was in readiness.

At half-past two, precisely, the procession was to start from the church.

Meanwhile, old Miss Fooshee had awakened on that particular morning without the slightest suspicion of the commotion she was causing in the town.

After ninety-four birthdays, the event ceases to be a novelty; therefore Miss Fooshee was not at all excited over hers; indeed, if anything, she was rather depressed than joyful, feeling the added year an added burden.

When one is old and poor and feeble, it is hard to be always cheerful, and birthdays set one thinking,—sad thoughts, too, sometimes. So, as the day wore on, Miss Fooshee grew quite melancholy; and by three o'clock in the afternoon, as she sat by the window in her wheeled chair, she began to think that ninety-five years was rather too long a time to dwell in this weary world.

As she reached this depressing conclusion, her thoughts were diverted by a very unusual sound,—nothing more nor less than "Onward, Christian Soldiers," sung by many voices. Every moment seemed to bring the stirring melody nearer.

Miss Fooshee thrust her face close to the glass and looked down the road. There she saw a long file of people mounting the hill, the minister at their head; after him came the Sunday School scholars, marching two by two, a teacher by each class; and bringing up the rear were the ladies of the town, all keeping step and singing at the top of their voices.

"Well, this beats me!" ejaculated the old lady; "where can they all be going?"

She watched intently until the procession was abreast of her house; but when she saw the minister turn in at the open gate, Miss Fooshee fell back quite speechless. Before she had recovered her voice, they were in the room, and the minister had almost explained, in a brief speech, the object of their visit.

Then, at a sign from the good man, every child stepped forward and deposited his small gift in Miss Fooshee's lap. It was soon filled to overflowing, and a medley of articles there were.

One sturdy little fellow brought a basket of hickory-nuts, cracked by himself, declaring loudly that "No one but Miss Fooshee shall touch one of 'em."

There were needle-books, pin-cushions, book-marks, bags of popcorn, boxes of candy, and birthday cards of every description.

But where was Hitty Hargett all this time? Standing in the doorway, half-inclined to slip out and run away home again, without presenting the small package she held so tightly in her hand.

It had seemed a beautiful birthday card when she and her mother did it up at home in a piece of clean brown paper, tied with a pink cord, which had been treasured in the cracked teacup for a month or more, for Mr. Huntley had picked out one of the prettiest in his store. The back was of dark, shining blue, sprinkled over with little gold stars,—surely nothing could be prettier than that, thought Hitty; and although the white of the other side was somewhat soiled, it was of no consequence, since the picture she had cut from the label of an old preserve-can was quite large enough to cover all defects, as well as the bright red heart in the centre.

So Hitty felt very well satisfied, in spite of the fact that the vermilion berries and green leaves covered all the space, leaving no room for verses.

"But p'raps dat's all de better," said Hitty; "fer yer know, ma, I cyan't write berry plain, and sometimes I jest blot awful."

"La, honey, dat cyard could n't be beat nohow," answered her mother; "dat doan't need no verses."

A happy little girl, therefore, was Hitty when she took her place in the birthday procession, proudly conscious of carrying so choice an offering to "ole Miss Fooshee."

But, alas, as she watched the old lady's trembling fingers take the other cards from their dainty wrappings, Hitty's confidence in the beauty of her gift fell to the freezing point.

The brown paper and pink string seemed very poor and common beside the delicate tissue paper and pretty ribbons that had served to enfold the others, and as I have said, poor Hitty had just about made up her mind to slip away, when kind Mrs. May espied her drooping figure and said,—

"Why, Hitty, you have not been up yet; and that is a present for Miss Fooshee you have in your hand, is it not?"

"Yas'm," answered Hitty, stepping forward, "hit's er cyard ma and me done made 'er; but I doan't know 's she'll care fer sech a trifling thing."

"Yes, indeed, I shall care for it," said Miss Fooshee, stooping forward to take the package from Hitty's reluctant hand; "and all the more that you and your mother so kindly made it for me."

As she spoke, Miss Fooshee undid the brown wrapping. Hitty eyed her sharply.

"P'raps she'll laugh," she said to herself. "Oh, what will I do if she laughs?"

But there was no smile on Miss Fooshee's face as she gazed upon the brilliant berries and vivid green leaves so roughly pasted on the soiled card; instead, her eyes filled slowly with tears, and drawing Hitty to her side she kissed her gently on the cheek, saying,—

"Thank you, dear child, for your tender thought of me. I shall always treasure your little card."

There was no alloy in Hitty's pleasure after that. "Ole Miss Fooshee" had kissed her! Something she had not done to any other girl! Her card was nice, then, after all; and she watched it pass from hand to hand without a shadow of misgiving.

It spoke well for those seventy boys and girls that not one careless word or glance disturbed her happy serenity; and when one of the ladies pinned the card conspicuously on the window-curtain beside Miss Fooshee's chair, there was no happier nor prouder girl in the room than little Hitty Hargett.

Her voice rang out joyfully in all the hymns that followed; and when the treat came, it was just a delight to watch her speaking face,—so old Miss Fooshee said, and every one agreed with her.

When the celebration was over and the last guest had departed, Miss Fooshee looked around her disordered room—strewn with bits of nuts, popcorn, and candy, the relics of the feast—with a tired, but a very happy face.

"And to think that I called this a weary world only a few short hours ago," she murmured, "when all these good, kind people were in it!"

When the savages of Louisiana wish to have fruit, they cut the tree at the bottom and gather the fruit. That is exactly a despotic government.

MONTESQUIEU.

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

PERHAPS the best time to speak about Christmas is before it comes. That is, young people, the Editor wants you to remember that there is *giving* as well as *getting*, in the Christmas affairs. If you want to enjoy the great holiday to the utmost, you must be planning now, during December, for making somebody happy. Perhaps a few cents will do it, by buying a toy for some little child; or your class in Sunday School can combine and have a simple but attractive tree in some poor region; or you can remember some far-away friends by cards and letters. It is not the cost of a thing, but it is the good-will and remembrance that bring the joy. Be sure to read "A Lost Christmas," printed in this number.

The Editor, speaking to Sunday Schools, hopes that the pupils will demand some exercises at the church in which the young people and the older people can come together. Why can you not see that the vestry is decorated with green, and do something to show to the town that the Sunday School as a Sunday School is remembering Christmas? The Editor remembers a time when he took his Sunday School in the country in two great barges, each pulled by four horses, and we went singing carols at the poorhouse and by the homes of invalids. It was a rare and beautiful night, and the stars seemed to appreciate it as well as the people. In this way, and in many others which we cannot mention here, Christmas can be made a real, happy, good-will occasion.

The pictures in this issue speak for themselves. Young and old admire heroism. The great thing is to show it for the right cause. Some men have been very heroic for things that were not worth the cost. This girl in the picture on the first page is certainly running a great risk for a worthy object. The picture on page 52, about putting off the shoes, will draw, we hope, some letters from our young readers. Did the custom exist in only one country, or more? Had this anything to do with religion? Grandmother is sealing her letter pretty securely in the good old way; but nowadays people are too hurried to stop for wax and light, unless it is when they wish to put some style into the affair.

By the way, although it is much easier now to seal a letter and send it off, yet there is not so much letter-writing as there used to be. Our young readers must have noticed that the Editor often asks for letters describing a picture or reporting some events of interest. Now, he has a purpose in this besides having something to print; he believes that there ought to be more letter-writing done by boys and girls. It seems to be a very hard task for a young person to sit down and write a good, interesting letter. The complaint is that they cannot fix their mind, or haven't anything to tell, or don't know how to express their ideas. This trouble is increasing; it is a kind of disease. Now, it must not go too far. Letters between friends are not only pleasant customs, but they also have a good effect on the writer by giving the power of describing things and putting thoughts into words.

And this leads to one more editorial remark, and then we will move from our chair. Do the young people who read EVERY OTHER SUNDAY do their own thinking? Of course you will all say, "Yes;" but just stop a moment and think over what this question means. We read a great many newspapers, magazines, story-papers, and books, and often believe that we are thinking; but we are no more thinking

than pebbles when the stream runs over them and tosses them about are making the motion themselves. These readings of ours only pour through our mind a lot of somebody else's thoughts. We do not stop to sort them out and see just what they are. It is better to do some good, strong brain work of our own than to be continually stirred up over other people's thinking and writing. Therefore, we say, write letters, make notes of the books you read, and so try to be a thinker yourself.

LETTER-BOX.

BARNSTABLE, MASS.

DEAR EDITOR, — Enclosed find an enigma and anagram, also the answer to the anagram in the last EVERY OTHER SUNDAY. I shall be very much pleased when I see them in the paper, as they are the first I have sent. I like very much to read the interesting stories in the paper. Yours truly, HARRIET S. PHINNEY.

VISALIA, CAL.

DEAR EDITOR, — I go to the Unitarian Sunday School with my three sisters. We like the school very much. It is a large school for a beginning. The pastor of our church is Rev. Mr. Shultz. Yours truly, CAROL LARKINS.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR EDITOR, — I send to the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY an enigma, which I hope you may be able to use. Yours truly, LOUISE S. STEVENS.

MISSING LETTER PUZZLE.

I - E - R - t - e - e - l - o - C - r - s - m - s - a -
T - e - r - l - f - m - l - a - c - r - l - p - a -
- n - w - l - a - d - w - e -
T - e - o - d - r - p - a -
O - p - a - e - n - a - t - g - o - w - l - t - m - n - l

When the missing letters have been supplied, the whole will make a stanza by Longfellow. F. L. C.

HIDDEN ANIMALS.

I GAVE Jack all the money I had.
I also gave him a stiff bat.
I made Hugh a rebus.
And sold him ink and pens.
Either Hannah or Seth will win the prize.
My dear, please go at once and mail this order.
E. E. WOODSIDE.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

IN stove, not in grate.
IN rest, not in wait.
IN kind, not in good.
IN tree, not in wood.
IN gaze, not in stare.
IN cut, not in tear.
IN bone, not in horn.
IN meal, not in corn.
IN black, not in red.
The whole is a country of which much is said.
EMMA B. LACEY.

ENIGMA XVII.

I AM composed of nineteen letters.
My 1, 6, 18, 19, is what women do.
My 12, 9, 14, is heir to property.
My 2, 3, 4, is to be sick.
My 5, 18, is a verb.
My 12, 17, 16, 18, 19, is to cut.
My 8, 9, 3, 4, is what a dog does when it is hot.
My 8, 11, 9, 14, is a wild beast.
My 19, 16, 7, is a kind of meat.
My 9, 6, 10, is a part of a boat.
My 1, 2, 17, 4, is what some men leave at death.
My 7, 9, 9, 14, is something that is seen in the sky.
My whole is the name of our beloved pastor.

I. M. S.

ENIGMA XVIII.

I AM composed of seventeen letters.
My 6, 16, 8, 14, is to stop.
My 5, 11, 4, 17, can never die.
My 13, 2, 3, 9, is used in war.
My 10, 15, 7, 1, is to be clean.
My 17, 11, 12, is a name mentioned in the Bible.
My whole is one of the commandments.

LOUISE S. STEVENS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 5.

Anagram. The Lord is my Shepherd.
Enigma XIII. Leominster.
Enigma XIV. Boston Public Library.

CHARADES.

1. Neptune; 2. Hamlet; 3. Ivanhoe; 4. Satan;
5. Evangeline.

WINTER.

THE frost is here,
And fuel is dear,
And woods are sear,
And fires burn clear,
And frost is here
And has bitten the heel of the going Year.

Bite, frost, bite!
You roll up away from the light
The blue woodlouse, and the plump dormouse,
And the bees are still'd, and the flies are kill'd,
And you bite far into the heart of the house,
But not into mine.

Bite, frost, bite!
The woods are all the searer,
The fuel is all the dearer,
The fires are all the clearer,
My spring is all the nearer,
You have bitten into the heart of the earth,
But not into mine.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

BOOK-TABLE.

THERE is one recognized interpreter of our New England life and landscape around whom gathers the general consent of readers, and her name is Sarah Orne Jewett. Perhaps in certain ways she is more original than any other of our authors. Many who are deeply versed in the literature of New England give her first place in distinct personality of authorship. Her pages are aromatic with the balsam of New England woods, and her stories living reproductions of our characteristic New England community life. All this we found in "Deep Haven" and her previous books; and there is a fresh confirmation of what we have said in this latest volume, entitled "The Country of the Pointed Firs." We are carried along, as though by the author's side, up to the little school-house where so much of her literary work was done in this country summer. There is no doubt that we ourselves have met Mrs. Todd, Mrs. Blackett, Captain Littlepage, and William, and understand them thoroughly. The whole effect of reading this book is to feel that we had the vacation ourselves in this quiet harbor village on the Maine coast. To some of us, who have been in and out of the indented coast of Maine on a yachting expedition, the settings and characters of these chapters seem familiar. Only this difference, — that Miss Jewett has translated them, and transfigured them in a sense, for there is something better than bare realism. The better traits in these uncultured but genuine souls shine out under the author's sympathetic treatment. As to the appearance of the volume, publisher and author are in happy harmony.

(Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. pp. 213. Price, \$1.25.)

Entered as second-class mail matter, Boston.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

(A BI-WEEKLY.)

THE uniform subscription price of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY is *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday Schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools. Twenty-two numbers constitute a volume; publication is suspended in July and August.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,
25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

University Press: John Wilson and Son, Cambridge.